


CHAS. McDONALD, The Tailor.

December Number, 1895.

# High School Quill.

## CONTENTS.



The Dinner.  
Muir Glacier.  
Miscellaneous.  
Athletic Notes.  
The Piano Fund.  
Christmas Poems.  
Local and Personal.  
Ciceronian Echoes.  
Editorially Speaking.  
Books and Their Use.  
Among Our Exchanges.  
By Our Only Ex-President.  
A Happy Thanksgiving Day.  
Some Queries to be Answered.

PUBLISHED BY

Pupils of Astoria High School.

CHAS. McDONALD, The Tailor.



# CITY BOOK STORE

School Books  
--and--  
School Supplies.



Stationery, Inks and  
Mucilage.  
Office Fixtures, Etc.

GRIFFIN & REED, - - - - - Astoria, Oregon.



## Dalgity Iron Works

General Machinest, Boiler Mak-  
ers and Blacksmiths.

All kinds of Cannery, Ship, Steamboat  
and Engine Work of any Descrip-  
tion, Castings made to order.

Shop, Foot of 7th St. - - - - - Astoria, Or.



## Boots & Shoes.

Boys and Girls—We can shoe you for  
the Winter.

COPELAND & THORSEN.

## At the "Bee Hive"

You can get anything—

In the line of Hats, Caps, Cloaks, Paper,  
Pencils, Tablets and Notions.

## Ross, Higgins & Co.

Groceries and Provisions, Flour, Feed,  
and Foreign and Domestic Fruits.

Astoria, Oregon.

**Tooth Ache** Is a very disagreeable sensa-  
tion. There is a place in  
Astoria where it can be cured. Any one suffer-  
ing with it will do well to see **Dr. Howard**  
562 Commercial St. He does a fine class of all around dentistry. Give him  
a call. Prices Reasonable.



## A. Rosendale,

FINE FRUITS, CANDIES AND NUTS.  
The Best Brands of Cigars.

## A. V. Allen, Grocer.

An Elegant Line of Lamps, just the thing for  
a Christmas Present.



# High School Quill.

VOL III.

ASTORIA, OREGON, DECEMBER, 1895.

NO 2.

## Christmas-Tide.

DOROTHY L.

Within the rooms were mirth and laughter,  
Without stood poverty's little daughter.  
Gazing in through the windows bright,  
Into the room so warm and light,  
Where around a tree all laden with toys,  
Stood children singing of Christmas joys.

Boys and girls who in good homes abide,  
What of the poor homeless one outside?  
Her heart was aching, bitter tears fell,  
Who the story of this life can tell.

Away from this room, joyous and bright,  
Turns this poor child into the night,  
Nobody sees her turn away,  
But when she is found at break of day  
Down in the snow so still and cold,  
Lay the child of the tale I've told.

Girls and boys who at Christmas tide,  
In loving hearts and homes abide,  
Help these homeless ones, hungry and cold.  
By loving words, if not by gold.  
Then you will hear the angels say  
Peace on earth, good will to man this day.

★ ★ ★

## Under the Holly Bough.

"Ye who have scorned each other,  
Or injured friend or brother,  
In this fast fading year;  
Ye who by word or deed  
Have made a kind heart bleed,  
Come, gather here!

Let sinners against and sinning  
Forget their strife's beginning,  
And join in friendship now;  
Be links no longer broken,  
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,  
Under the Holly Bough."

The Christmas chimes are pealing, softly pealing; and joyous sounds are ringing, ever louder and clearer, even nearer and nearer, like a sweet toned benediction falling on the ear. Glad ringers are pulling the ropes, and in one grand swell of melody Christmas, with its old yet ever new and marvellous mysteries, bursts triumphantly upon the world once more. The cattle have turned their heads to the east and knelt down to worship the king cradled in the manger; the houses are decked with holly; the Yule log burns brightly; the gray shadows sweep away;

the sun is up and the bright-eyed children, who have lain awake all night listening for the patter of old Saint Nick's tiny steeds on the roof, only to fall asleep at the eventful moment, wake hurriedly to find the stockings running over with toys and sweetmeats. Beautiful and right is it that gifts and good wishes should fill the air like snowflakes at Christmas tide. And beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going—most beautiful and blessed because it is always the Year of Our Lord.  
—WASHINGTON IRVING.

★ ★ ★

[Room Eight offered a prize of \$1.25 to the High School pupil who would write the best Thanksgiving poem. The time allowed for its composition being two days. Donald Ross, '97, captured this prize. Room Seven then came forward with a prize of \$1.50 to the H. S. pupil who would write the best Thanksgiving story in prose. Miss Annie McLean won this prize. Following are the prize poem and story.]

## A Happy Thanksgiving Day.

Just three days before Thanksgiving—in one of the darkest rooms in a filthy alley lay a little boy on a bunch of straw.

His sister sat near him, watching for any sign which would tell her he was getting better, when in a whisper he said, "Nettie, I wish I could see the sunshine and some flowers." "Yes my dear" said his sister, "I wish you could too."

Just then she heard some faltering footsteps, and in a minute her drunken father, entered the room, seized Nettie, and drew her out into the street. He



came back into the room and saw little Willie lying on the straw as pale as death. He seemed to be struck by the sight, drunk as he was, and sat down and began to think..

Meanwhile Nettie was wandering in search of some flowers for Willie. She walked and walked until she came to a beautiful house, with a lovely garden. She saw some little girls playing in the garden, so she asked one of them for a flower. "Of course you can have a flower" she said, "but you must come and see my mamma first." So they went up into the large house, and saw the little girl's mother. "Here is a poor little girl that wants a flower, mamma" said the little girl. "Well, give her some flowers, and then you may go down and ask Kate for some fruit for her." So the little girl and Nettie went and picked some flowers and then went into the kitchen for some fruit. Kate was very kind and so gave her as much fruit as she could carry. At last the little girl's mother said it was time for Nettie to go, as it was getting late. So Nettie started for home, but it was getting so dark that she could scarcely see, and she wandered on and on until she could not see any houses that she had ever seen before, so she concluded that she was lost. She came to a little cottage by the road and knocked at the door. A kind looking lady came to the door, whose name was Mrs. Somerset. "Please ma'am have you any place where I can sleep," said Nettie. "Why, yes my child, come in," said Mrs. Somerset, "but tell me how it is that you are out so late." So Nettie began her pitiful story and told it all, after which Mrs. Somerset took her into a pretty

little room, which Nettie thought was beautiful. When she awoke in the morning she thought she must be in dreamland, for the room looked more beautiful than ever.

But she soon thought of her little brother in the ally, so she got up quickly and went into the kitchen. Mrs. Somerset had some breakfast ready for her, so she ate it and then said she must go home. But looking out of the window she could not see any place she knew, so she told Mrs. Somerset she did not know how to go home. "I will find out," said Mrs. Somerset, "as soon as I can, so don't you worry." Mrs. Somerset had a boy working for her, whose name was Uriah, and he was at times very comical. Mrs. Somerset found out where Nettie lived and then went to get Uriah to take her home, for fear she would get lost again.

"Uriah," said Mrs. Somerset, "this little girl has lost herself." "Lost what?" said Uriah, looking around to see if he could find anything. "Lost herself" said Mrs. Somerset. "Lost herself?" said Uriah "Ha! Ha! Ha! I never heard of anyone losing himself." "Well," said Mrs. Somerset, "she lost herself, and now I want you to take her back home." "Take her on my back," said Uriah, "all right get on." "Oh no, I mean walk home with her," replied Mrs. Somerset. "Well, you did not think I'd run did you?" asked Uriah. And Nettie started to go, so Uriah followed, talking as they went. When Nettie came to her destination, Uriah stopped short and made a bow, his nose almost touching the ground, and turned around and walked back.



When Nettie entered the room she saw her father sitting by Willie, talking to him. She was very much surprised, but not more than they were, for they did not know what had become of her. Her father came to meet her, and told her to-morrow was the last day that they should live in that hovel. "This is the way it happened," said he, "I was picked up out of the gutter last night by a gentleman, and brought into a meeting house. At first I did not like it, for they talked to me so that I nearly went wild, but after a while I saw what a life I was leading, and wanted to do better. I said I would not touch another drop of liquor again. I stayed there all night, and in the morning I said I would not go to my children until I got some work. So I started out and in less than two hours I found some and then I went and got a house to live in. So now my dear children you will have a home to live in, and have a father, for I was not worthy of the name before."

Nettie was so overjoyed she did not know what to do. She danced around the room and said "Now Willie you will see the sunshine and flowers."

But when they moved into their new house they were happier than ever, and spent the happiest Thanksgiving of their lives, in their new home.

Prize Poem—

### The Dinner.

One day in last November, just the month before December,

Some turkeys sat roosting on a fence.  
Said Jones to the farmer, I'll give you four pence

For my pick of those turkeys so gay,  
My wife wants one for Thanksgiving Day.

"All right," said the farmer, in very high glee, "now choose your turkey, which shall it be?"

So Jones got the turkey, nice and fat.  
And said, "Here is the four pence, I offered for that."

And away went the man happy and pleased,  
With the nice turkey for which his wife teased.

At last he got home all right, and said to himself, "Now comes the fight."

He gave it to his wife to pick,  
She ran and brought a very long stick,  
"You clean this old turkey yourself," said she,

"For I'm as tired as tired can be."

At last the husband the turkey did pick,  
His wife stuffed it and made it look slick.

The table was set with all things nice,  
Pies, cakes and puddings and bread, the nuts and the jellies the cranberry sauce  
Oranges, apples and all things boss.

The uncles, aunts, cousins and sisters, the neighbors, grandmothers and Misters,  
All came to make it a success.

To eat the turkey and all the rest, so this dinner was well attended,

And "Thanks" for all to heaven ascended.  
Thanksgiving is the day of all.

May its pleasures often on us fall.

JOHNNIE SQUEEZ-ME-NOT.

★ ★ ★

### Local and Personal.

Who said Milne's Algebra is easy.

Monday is my sleepy day—Sigfred.

Who can tell us the motto of the Seniors?

Tact is something but Talent is everything.—W. C.

Terry's beaming countenance is usually seen in society.

Winchester in parsing "great" says it is a noun, singular, 3d etc.

While there's life, there's hope—of graduating in '96.—Floyd.

How are our Astronomy maps progressing—B(l)ackwards?



The first of the Senior Essays are in and are said to be very creditable.

"A satellite is a 'small planet which RESOLVES about a larger planet"—M. M.

"Edwin, may I borrow your projector (protractor) to use for my maps."—A. H.

Miss Adele Sovey was absent from school recently on account of a severe cold.

Wonder if Geo. B——ever goes to Caesar class without preparing his lesson?

"Italy at this time was the scene of continued resurrections."—May M. in History.

Miss Florrnce Twombly was absent a few days last week on account of sickness.

Mae M—(in Caesar) He sent a small quadroon (squadron) as a guard for the baggage.

Miss Badollet and Miss Warren should have an express wagon to deliver their coal oil cans.

Miss Warren to zoology class—What is meant by carnivorous? Willie C— "It means they sleep in winter."

The Vergil class have just begun to follow Aeneas to Italy, and they sincerely wish he had been drowned.

Miss B. to the first class in Geometry "Circumscribe a circle about a rectangle." Pupil "Shall I put it inside."

In Rhetoric—Teacher "Bertha, what are you made of?" The answer should have been 'envy' but was startlingly put forth as "mixed metaphors."

A cold-blooded Nevada barber always tells his tenderfoot victims blood-curdling stories. It makes their hair stand on end and thus easier to cut.

Miss Violet Bowlby, '95, who spent Thanksgiving with her parents, paid the H. S. a pleasant visit. She reports that she likes her work very much at

the Portland Academy.

There has never been enough wisdom to know how to help a student who will not help himself.

M—S—h—y in Astronomy insists that she saw Polaris, Ursa Major, Ursa Minor, Draco and all the circumpolar constellations, the other evening near the south-eastern horizon. She must have been moon-struck.

You'd laugh to see:

Matty testing for HCl in Chemistry.

Floyd winking at May.

Magnus expounding civil law.

Ralph and Mable coming to school.

Us all when vacation comes.

★ ★ ★

## Christmas Time.

Christmas time! Just think of it! Christmas gifts, Christmas trees, Christmas dinners, and VACATION! All coming at once. But little wonder that our lessons should suffer in anticipation of all these good things in store for us.

Well, it is a good thing that once in a year we can have so much joyous sport to lighten the daily routine of labor. But were it not for this same work we would be much less appreciative of these festivals of good-will and good wishes for one another.

Thanksgiving, Fourth of July, Decoration Day, Washington's Birth-Day, these are all ours as Americans, but Christmas time is the World's festive season. We will all join in it the more heartily on this account.

Santa Claus as a personality may have gone from us, or live as a memory of other days, but our capacity for a better and truer enjoyment of Christmas has certainly increased at least as much as the useful receptacle which we used to hang up for Santa Claus to fill, has grown larger.



High School Quill.

[Entered at the Astoria Post Office as Second Class Matter.]

Editor in Chief .....KATIE SINNOTT, '96  
Literary ..... EDWIN HOBSON, '96  
Correspondence and Exchanges.....SUSIE ELMORE, '96  
Local and Personal.....SIGFRED YOUNG, '96  
Business Managers, G. CARRUTHERS and W. CURTIS

The QUILL is published monthly during the school year in the interest of general education.

Teachers or students and all others interested in higher education are requested to contribute any matter of general interest relating to public schools

All articles for publication should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief by the 5th of each month.

Professional and business advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.

Subscription Price.

Single Copy	- 5 cents	One year,	- 35 cents
Three copies	- 15 "	"	75 cents
Five copies	- 20 "	"	\$1.00
Ten copies	- 35 "	"	1.75

Editorially Speaking.

The QUILL wishes all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

★ ★ ★

This is the beginning of a new month. Three months already passed. We will soon have to prepare for the final examinations, which will close the first term of this school year.

★ ★ ★

The present number of the QUILL may be called the Thanksgiving-Christmas edition. Though late for Thanksgiving, yet early enough to wish you all the best wishes of the festive Christmas time.

★ ★ ★

Many of the students take an interest in reading our exchanges. There is much of interest in these represent-

atives from schools all over the land, and in reading them one is brought in touch, to a certain degree, with those laboring, as we are, for a higher education. Seeing somewhat of the work others in similar institutions are doing, and reading their happenings and literary efforts, encourage us. More should avail themselves of our valuable exchange list.

★ ★ ★

Elsewhere in this issue we print an article upon the prevalence of weak or defective eyes among the school children.

It is shown that this is becoming so common as to be almost alarming. Not denying that there is much truth in the article, may it not be possible that in the lower grades where the complaint seems most common there is somewhat of contagion in the IDEA (not the eye-trouble.) We mean that like many other things, on account of being spoken of frequently, it is taken up by the smaller ones and becomes a sort of fad, as it were, to complain of having weak eyes. However, our school buildings are unfortunately situated. They receive the full light-reflection from the broad river surface, and any one who has to face that and study, is subjected to a severe strain upon the eyes. As to our rooms being well lighted and scientifically seated we believe there is no question. Observance of the simple laws of care for the eyesight on the part of pupils will do much to obviate the tendency to visual defects. If pupils will heed the "do not's" of their physiology in this matter, such as reading in a dim light or in the twilight, holding the book at



such an angle as to receive the reflection from the page, allowing the light to fall from above or over the left shoulder, facing a light while reading, sitting in a stooped position, etc., much of the evil that is now wrought may be avoided.

★ ★ ★

### Ciceronian Echoes.

Thanksgiving was appropriately observed by the H. S. Exercises adapted to the day were rendered by Division III. The program consisted of music, recitations, readings, essays, and was creditably rendered.

The Ciceronian Society has been requested to furnish a program for the "Rescue Club." The Society has acceded to the request and a performance will be given in the near future.

Resolved—That the "New Woman" has come to stay—was the subject of a debate given in our Society lately. The affirmative side of the question was represented by the Misses Carnahan and Florence Twombly, the negative by Messrs. Hobson and Barker. The debate was excellent, and the "new woman" has come to stay according to the verdict of the judges.

The election of officers was held recently, in which the following were elected: President, Paul Trullinger; Vice-Pres., Bessie Ross; Secretary, Chas. Abercrombie; Treas., Loring Stenson; Marshal, Frank Woodfield; Censor, Cecil Sovey; Chorister, Reba Hobson; Pianist, Edwin Hobson.

There have been some good programs in the Society recently, and surely there is no lack of literary ability among our students. There ought, however, to be more attention given to practicing the performances before rendering them in public. What is good now would certainly become

EXCELLENT. The debate recently on the question as to the relative merits of Grant and Lee as generals showed a good knowledge of historical facts, but also showed a lack of practical effort. The manner of a performance has much to do with its merit. There ought to be a large class in elocution next term.

★ ★ ★

### Among Our Exchanges.

The compliments of the season to all our exchange friends.

The *Courant*, of Portland University, for November, has much readable matter.

Vol. I, No 1, of the *University Record*, Tacoma, is at hand. It is well edited and gives promise of future good things.

The Portland H. S. *News* is a new exchange and seems to represent most all the institutions of learning in the city. We are glad to welcome it.

*Squibs*, of Seattle, seems to have succumbed to the elements and has been succeeded by *Whims*, a newsy and worthy child. We wish it long life.

*Scio Collegian* comes to us last month in a splendid new dress. It is now quite a handsome paper and contains many articles of interest and profit.

There seems to be a musical resurrection at the Willamette University of Salem, judging by the amount of space given in the *Collegian* to that department. Temperance in all things;

*Helios* of Grand Rapids, Mich., comes to us presenting a neat appearance and is a well edited paper, but to our mind is seriously marred, so far as ease of reading is concerned, by having solid page matter instead of two or more columns.

One of our esteemed visitors came last month with seven pages of athletics out of fourteen in the paper. That




seems to us to be crowding things athletic entirely too much. Should the paper be a representative of the work done in the school, there is need of reformation somewhere. We should be neither Spartans nor Athenians, but sensible American citizens.

The *Bulletin* of the State University did not make its appearance for November. We hope to see it regularly, as we count it a near kinsman as it were, being the representative of public education in Oregon, a step above the High School. From it we learn that the University is having one of the best years in its history. We congratulate it upon that fact, also upon winning the inter-collegiate football pennant.

★ ★ ★

### Athletic Notes.

#### AN UNRECORDED GAME.

AST Fourth of July was the occasion of one of the most exciting games of football, for silver medals, ever played on the Fort Canby field; it was between the A. H. S. boys and the Ilwaco team.

The game resulted in a tie, the score being 3 to 3. The playing of the A. H. S. boys was excellent throughout the game, although they were a great deal lighter than their opponents.

A great many Astorians witnessed the game. Among those who distinguished themselves yelling for the A. H. S. were Messrs. Dalgity, Linenwebber and Pieper, who yelled themselves hoarse. A dismal rain commenced to fall early in the morning and stopped just after the game had commenced. The game was called at

3 o'clock and the ball having been kicked off the A. H. S. boys secured it and after successful passing managed to get it between the posts, but the Ilwaco weight against the A. H. S. superior science made it about even, and when time was called at the end of the first half the score was 2 to 2.

After a rest of five minutes they commenced again but the A. H. S. boys were pretty well winded so it did not take the Ilwaco's long to secure a third goal, but with the rallying cry of the Astorians the A. H. S'ers went at it again with renewed vigor, and by knocking out two men and laying up a couple more succeeded in getting a goal just before the game was called.

Thus ended one of the most exciting games of the season. The tie should have been played off the next week, but the Ilwacos failing to put in an appearance the A. H. S. boys were awarded the medals.

★ ★ ★

One of the things most lacking in the A. H. S. is an intercollegiate football team. There is weight enough to make up a team capable of competing with any of the colleges up the river. It is too late now to get up a team, but next year this ought to be one of the first things attended to.

"He spreads his wings and soars along the field after the ball, like a hawk after a chicken."—Woodfield.

There used to be four seasons, now there are but two—the baseball season and the football season.

"One thing I can do to perfection, and that is kick the ball over the fence."—Barker.

Next time Dement plays football, we'll get a Brussels carpet for him to stand on.



A little girl said to Holmes, after the game. "Hello! One glass eye."

"Five to nothing." All caused by the "Man-afraid-of-Dirt."

All the boys know how to play, "After the Ball."

Andrew and Dement make a good pair of "fakers."


Who has not had a taste of the "Bony Rascal."

"A new man on the field"—C. Jordan.

"Conceituous" the star football player

★ ★ ★

### The Piano Fund.

HE students are now working on a novel plan for raising money to pay for their new piano.

Each student was given ten cents and by investment with profit and earnings he may be able to make in any other way, he will add to his capital as much as possible.

The ten cents with accrued earnings are to be reported on St. Valentine's day and with it an account of how the money was earned. Three prizes, three dollars, two dollars and one dollar, are to be given to those returning the greatest amounts over five dollars.

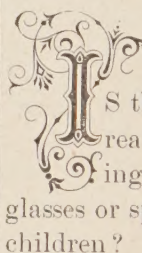
A great deal of enthusiasm is manifested in the scheme and St. Valentine's day is looked forward to with much interest. Already it is understood that several have reached the dollar mark, although there is an understanding that the amount is not to be made known until the final day.

The devices used for increasing their earnings are as numerous and curious as there are students.

It is understood that the exercises on opening the Valentine box will be public and a small charge be made for friends and visitors, thus adding to the interest as well as the funds.


★ ★ ★

### Some Queries to be Answered.

S there a plain, common sense reason for the rapidly increasing necessity for the use of glasses or spectacles among our school children?

Five years ago, those who can remember, will not hesitate to confirm the statement that there were very, very few scholars in this building who needed either of these aids to sight.

Is there now a room, or grade even, in which there is not one at least, perhaps several who are obliged to use them?

I will put this matter as presented to my mind, in the form usually accredited to the Yankee, in the form of  looking for an answer in the next issue of your bright paper.

No. 1—Is it true, that the headaches and numerous bodily ailments, which have lately been ascribed to defective vision and found to be relieved by the use of glasses, have existed all these years, being now for the first time properly diagnosed? If not, what cause exists in this nineteenth century, that brings about such a wide spread weakness of vision in the youth of one day?



No. 2—Is it true that the students of to-day, of all ages, are required to call upon their eyes for double duty? Years ago the written exercises and examinations in the schools were almost unknown. The lessons were studied and then recited orally. Now many of the daily lessons and ALL of the examinations, which by the way, were once held only quarterly, and now come, who can tell how often?—are all to be WRITTEN.

The parents who attended the last Reception and saw the piles upon piles of neatly written examination papers and row after row of tiny slates, no doubt admired, as I did, the beautiful execution, but did you think of the tired little eyes and poor aching heads, that had suffered during the term just passed?

No. 3—Is the light properly regulated for ease in study and to best relieve the eyes of the student? I think there will be a unanimous answer to that question.

Lastly—Is the print of the text books too fine? Many of the books used are of good plain print. Many parts also, especially the notes and interlined paragraphs between heads, are of very fine print. No ordinary reader, even one who expected to read a book curiously, would choose these. Does it stand to reason, that they would choose such print to be intently studied by daylight even, let alone gas or lamp light? Yet a large proportion of our High School students who can have no recourse but to study such print, spend nearly each entire evening in such study.

If none of these questions touch

the source of this rapidly growing and serious trouble, can any one give an answer that will? E.

★ ★ ★

### By Our Only Ex-President.



AN article, the first of a series, published in the December Ladies' Home Journal, entitled "This Country of Ours" by ex-Pres. Harrison, should be read by every American citizen and especially by those just entering upon the real preparation for service to their country in whatever capacity they may choose.

We are unable to review the article at length but it is sufficient to say that it is full of loyal, honest citizen patriotism and universal maintenance of LAW, every law on our statute books, good or unwise. His just condemnation of citizens taking the law in their own hands, brings to our thoughtful attention the many issues now demanding settlement at the hands of the American people.

He would revive the old fashioned Fourth of July parades and musters with their annual reading of the grand old Declaration and permit the boastful oratory without stint.

He well says "A boaster is better than an apologist or pessimist."

Here are some quotations worth their space:

"God has never endowed any statesman or philosopher, nor any body of them, with wisdom enough to frame a system of government that everybody could go off and leave."



"Public abuses are the direct and necessary results of public indifference."

"Men, rather more than machines need watching."

He advocates the better teaching of patriotism in our schools and our homes by inculcating a love and reverence for the flag and our civil institutions.

It is a timely series of papers and, judging from the introductory one, will be well worth reading.

★ ★ ★

### Books and Their Use.



BOOKS are a means by which worthy thoughts of men in ages past are handed down to us.

It is true that not only the worthy thoughts are retained but the other side as well. The choice of books should be considered. For if the vile is chosen as the most entertaining subject it is evident that the mind will grow in that direction.

We should not crowd our mind with too many books because it is said one good book well understood and remembered is of more value than fifty more read hastily.

To read slowly and considerably does not mean that we should pattern our life in that way but should form our own ideas and decisions. Books are like associates, they leave the good or the bad impression and our thoughts are determined by the books we read. They are friends and teachers.

How many instances could be cited from the early part of the United

States history where the education of our greatest statesmen and generals was formed by the reading of the best books. As Bacon has said "Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

We find that the High School course of reading is of great value as we advance in our studies.

When I began to read Scott's *Ivanhoe* it seemed impossible to distinguish the different characters, but after reading it I found that the greater part of the history of Scotland was scattered through it. I then realized why it should be read.

So we find that the reading of good books gives knowledge, and "knowledge is power."  
S. '96.

★ ★ ★

### Miscellaneous.

Silence is golden, fitting speech is silvery and giggling is brazen.

For the citizenship class: "A monopoly is a good deal like a baby. A man is opposed to it on general principles until he has one of his own."

I long to see a world in which a man, because he is rich, will not be insolent, and I long to see a world in which a man, because he is poor, will not be mutinous.—Myron W. Reed.

"Let reverence of law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that prattles in her lap; let it be taught in the schools, seminaries and colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs; let it be preached from pulpits and proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice; in short, let it become the political religion of the nation."—A. Lincoln.



There recently passed away at his home in Chicago, a characteristic American. Revered for his many manly qualities, beloved by his family, admired by the world for his literary genius, Eugene Field yet lives. But few can read such admirable pictures as "Little Boy Blue," "Winkin', Blinkin' and Nod," without feeling that he who could so simply, yet so vividly picture the child-life, could reach almost any height in other fields of literature. Although a leading editor and contributor yet he will be remembered as a poet of childhood. As some one has beautifully said, "his life was lighted by,

"The loveliest lamp for earthly feet,  
The light of little children and their love."

In view of the very general speculation about when and where the next national convention of the next Republican party will occur, it will be interesting to have for reference the following statement of the date, place, and presidential nominee of every national convention since the party's birth in the year 1856:

1856, June 17—Philadelphia, John C. Fremont.

1860, May 16—Chicago, Abraham Lincoln.

1864, June 7—Baltimore, Abraham Lincoln.

1868, May 20—Chicago, Ulysses S. Grant.

1872, June 5—Philadelphia, Ulysses S. Grant.

1876, June 14—Cincinnati, Rutherford B. Hayes.

1880, June 2—Chicago, James A. Garfield.

1884, June 3—Chicago, James G. Blaine.

1888, June 19—Chicago, Benjamin Harrison.

1892, June 7—Minneapolis, Benj. Harrison.

## Muir Glacier.



ON a July morning, about four o'clock, a. m., the call sounded throughout the steamer, "All up to see the glacier."

In this high latitude day, dawns soon after midnight, at this season, and four o'clock seems nearer mid-day than morning. On going out on deck we found ourselves in Glacier Bay and approaching the icy wall at its head, which is the terminus of Muir Glacier.

Dotted about here and there in the water we see a few icebergs, and occasionally feel the jar caused by the steamer hitting one, but our eyes are fixed on the scene before us. That massive icy wall 250 feet high stretching across the head of the bay, a distance of two miles. Its base is an intense blue, shading by degrees to crystal clearness in some parts and to an opaque, snowy whiteness in others. Its summit bristles with minarets, steeples, towers and domes, and its face on a nearer approach appears rough and uneven from the falling away of the ice.

The quiet of the morning, the grey sky, the immense frozen river reaching in a glittering pathway up to the horizon, the frequent crashing and creaking of the ice, far away in those mysterious caverns, the muttering echoes of that sullen roar as of distant thunder, combine to produce an awe inspiring scene that could not be marred by the "Oh's" and "Ah's" of those around, who must find vocal expression for every emotion. For a short time the sound of falling ice was all that greeted us, but soon we were favored with a sight of a nascent iceberg.

Many huge spires seemed ready to topple over into the water at any moment, but, while we watch these expectantly, our attention is drawn in another direction by a report as of a cannon, and we



turn in time to see, bending forward from the top of the wall, a huge cluster of ice pillars. Slowly and majestically they lean toward the water till the size and weight have given them sufficient momentum to hasten their descent and plunge them with so great force into the bay that they are entirely submerged, and only the spray and ice dust ascending in a cloud indicate their position. An instant's pause and this mighty mass slowly rises to the surface and starts on its seaward course, possibly separating into several bergs that turn and dip, and roll till they finally glide on smoothly. Again, instead of toppling over top first, the ice will often loosen from the wall and go as on a huge toboggan slide into the deep, to be sent by the force of the rebound almost entirely out of the water.

It is estimated that this glacier extends some 900 feet below the surface of the sea in a long plough-shaped fore-foot from which submarine bergs are frequently detached, rising to the surface with tremendous force. The height of an ice berg is from 20 to 70 feet and many at the beginning are over 100 feet long. Since only one seventh of the bulk is above water some faint idea of their immense size can be gained. As they float away they grind together and break apart, sending off avalanches of loose particles that cover the water for miles with what is termed "mush ice."

Steamers are not permitted by the terms of their insurance policies to approach nearer than a quarter of a mile to the glacier, and even at this distance when one of those mighty bergs makes it's plunge the steamer is tossed like a cockle shell by the waves.

We are conveyed to the shore in small boats and there find a board walk leading up to the moraine from whence one can pass over to the clear ice. There is nothing very beautiful or inspiring about the sticky slippery, slimy mud of the moraine. By leaving this to climb a spur of Mt. Case, one is rewarded by a view of seven of the twenty-six tributaries of Muir Glacier. It is claimed that if all the minor branches of these tributaries were counted, as in Switzerland, the Muir might boast 200 branches or glaciers in its system. Twenty of these arms each

exceed in size the famous Swiss Mer de Glace. Proceeding on our way up to the glacier proper we pass frequent crevasses whose yawning chasms attract while they appall one. Curiosity to see what is down there is only held in check by the caution that is the result of an indefinable dread. Without peering into these myself, I was content to listen to the account others gave of the glassy walls, blue and glistening, the roaring stream, far, far down in those abysses, and the mysterious sounds issuing therefrom. Reaching the white ice of the mid stream seemed like leaving the mud and dirt of a wearisome sojourn on earth to gain a clear, clean shining way that reached straight up to heaven as it faded away in the distant horizon.

But we are still of the earthy earth and must soon retrace our steps over the miry way to the shore, whence we are taken back to the steamer, slowly, indeed, because of the countless cakes of ice that literally crowd the bay. The captain assured us that in twenty visits we might not see in all so much ice discharged from the glacier as in that one.

Never shall I forget the scene as we sailed down the bay. Seeking a quiet nook on the hurricane deck I spent a quiet time looking backward. We sailed through fairy land and historic scenes. Here we passed Cleopatra's barge with all its occupants, followed by the whole fleet of Antony's turemes apparently sailing away from Actium. Yonder is a castle with many a turret and tower, donjon and keep. There is a lake on whose quiet bosom lilies float and beckon one to a grotto just at hand whose openings show a blue and hazy light, as if mermaids found therein delightful haunts. On the left a huge cake of ice is unmistakably a barge on which are a bear, a deer and an old man steering, while another deer is swimming after it as if to find a refuge. Imagination runs riot amid all this material till there is nothing either animate or inanimate that does not display itself in this icy pagant.

As we approach clear water and the Glacier has become merely a white line in the distance, the spell is broken and I am recalled to a realization that my visit to Muir Glacier is already a thing of the past.

F. E. W.



---

LAFORCE & SMITH—  
**Attorneys-at-Law**  
Over F. I. Dunbar's Store.

---

NOLAND & THOMSON—  
**Attorneys-at-Law**  
Commercial St., between 9th and 10th.

---


C. J. CURTIS—  
**Attorney-at-Law**  
Office cor. Commercial & 9th St.

---

A. A. CLEVELAND—  
**Attorney-at-Law**  
Kinney Brick Block, over City Book Store.

---

---

*Miss G. McRea*   
 *Artistic Milliner.*  
Call and see stock of Fine Trade Goods.  
Corner 10th & Commercial Sts.

---

**Astoria - Mattress - Factory.**  
378 Commercial Street.

Mattresses made to order, Repairing  
Neatly Done.

---

---

**J. W. CONN,**

....DEALER IN....

DRUGS,

CHEMICALS,

FINE PERFUMES,

AND

TOILET ARTICLES.

Astoria, - - Oregon

---

S. McGregor.

W. H. Bruce.

**McGregor Butchering Co.,**

—Wholesale and Retail Dealers in—

**FRESH AND SALT MEATS.**

---

Cor. 2d and Bond St. .... Astoria, Or.



# BRATT'S PHOTO GALLERY,

No. 583 Commercial St.

The Only Gallery on this Coast where you do not have to pay  
in Advance, or Make Deposits.

We wholly rely on the finished work to tell the story, and bring duplicate orders. Remember  
if you do not get nice, clean, clear, satisfactory work you do not have to pay. No  
Gelatine or cheap paper used for portraits. Consequently no fading  
or discoloring of any kind in finished work.

## B. F. ALLEN,

.... Dealer in ....

Wall Paper, Artists' Materials, Paints,  
Painters' Supplies, House  
Mouldings, Etc.

—o—  
Agent for the Celebrated Sherwin-Williams  
and Masury's Prepared Paints. Con-  
tractor for Painting, Paper Hang-  
ing and Decorating.

365 Commercial St., Astoria, Or.



## Wing Lee & Co.

Jaapanese Curiosities,  
Fine Lacquered Ware,  
Best Teas, Rare Crockery,  
Ladies Fine Underwear.

529 3d St. Astoria, Or.



## H. EKSTROM

Has the Latest Novelties in Gold  
or Silver.

Manufacturing Jeweler and Repairer  
Commercial Street, Astoria, Or.

## Noe & Scully

Dealers in—

..... Hardware, Tinware,  
..... Stoves and Ranges,  
..... Plumbing, Tinning, Etc.

Bond Street, Astoria, Or.

## The New York Novelty Store

•IS GOING OUT OF THE TOY LINE•

And anything wanted in that line you can have at  
your own price, before moving January 1st.

J. STRAUSS, Prop.

Op. Occident Hotel.

## T. H. OLSEN,

—DEALER IN—

PURE DRUGS,  
MEDICINES,  
SOAPS and  
PERFUMES.

Also a Full Line of  
Toilet Articles

Astoria, Oregon

## F. O. WALTERS

"Red Front" Shoe Store, opposite Cooper's  
Store. Shoes Made or Repaired with  
Neatness and Dispatch.

Astoria, Oregon



## R. T. HUMPHRYS.

Sells Fresh Fish, Eggs, Game and Poultry.  
581 Commercial Street.



## ESTES, CRAIN, DRUG CO.

The Only Complete Line of Homeopathic  
Mediciens in the City at E. C. Drug Co.

510, 512 Commercial St. Astoria, Or.

## J. S. Students

Should buy their Candy  
at the

"BONBONNIERE"